

THE BLAIRMORE ENTERPRISE

VOL III NO 81.

BLAIRMORE, ALBERTA, THURSDAY, AUGUST 3, 1911

\$2.00 YEARLY

MAR ON General Merchant

We Wish to Announce We have a large range of Real
To the Public Chinese and Japanese Silks; all
Hand-made on Hand Looms. These are imported direct.
We are showing samples at our store. Prices range from 65c.
to \$1.75 per yard. Widths from 14 to 30 inches. These silks
cannot be bought elsewhere. We only take orders on samples submitted and we are doing this for a fraction above First Cost.

This is one of the opportunities you cannot afford to miss. The Silks are used for Coats, Skirts and Waist. Many ladies are wearing them as they are exclusive goods, genteel in appearance and durable. Call and See Them.

BLAIRMORE.

ALBERTA

FRAYER'S PHONE NO. 29

SINCLAIR'S PHONE NO. 60

OFFICE PHONE "26"

Frayer & Sinclair

Contractors & Builders

PLANS FURNISHED
ESTIMATES GIVEN

DEALERS IN

Rough & Dressed Lumber, Sash & Doors
Shingles & Lath

Blairmore

Alberta

Open 8 a.m. Close 6 p.m. Saturdays 9.30 p.m.
Phone 26.

C. HISCOCKS & Co.

The Exclusive Grocers

Fresh each Thursday

Tomatoes	Lettuce
Cabbage	Turnips
Parsnips	Carrots
FINE STOCK.	TRY SOME

From now on our store closes at 1 p.m. Wednesdays

Don't Forget The Place :--

C. Hiscocks & Co.
Between 8th and 9th Avenues
Victoria Street
BLAIRMORE. - ALBERTA

A New Four-Story

Brick Building.

Work on the big four-story brick building which is being erected on the corner of Ninth Avenue and Otterburn Street, is progressing rapidly and when completed the building will have a very imposing effect.

This large and attractive building, is being erected by the Blairmore Brewing and Malting Company, who will install an up-to-date brewing plant and bottling works. The main building will be completed in about two months when the manufacture of beer and numerous kinds of soft drinks will immediately follow.

Sand, brick, lime, cement and everything else which is needed in the construction of the building are close by and therefore reduces the price of the construction to a minimum. There is a spring of clear crystal water on the company's property, the railroad runs right by the building and several other conveniences are at the command of the company. About fifty men are now at work on the building, the construction of which will be rushed with all possible speed so as to have the goods on the market early in the fall.

Real life is truer than any book to be and much more amusing.—*Stuart Young.*

BRISCO'S THE STORE FOR MEN

Victoria Street

BRISCO'S
Blairmore, Alta.

For a good assortment of

Straw Hats, Summer Underwear, Belts, Wash Ties,
White Vests, Soft Shirts, Etc., Etc.

Also headquarters for Men's Boots and Shoes.

A big shipment of SHOES now in, including a few lines of Boys'.

BUSY DAY AT COURT

Large Gathering Witnesses Trial
of 3 Italians Who Caused

Rumpus on Sunday

THEY DRANK TOO MUCH BEER

Handed Over \$75 to the Exchequer and Left the Court Room

Promising to Do Better

The proceedings at the Blairmore police court on Monday last was of an unusually interesting character and drew a crowded court room of attentive spectators, besides many who could not find room within the precincts of that hall where justice is so well administered. Justices Gresham and Pinkney presided and were kept busy from 10 a.m. until 6 p.m., with a short intermission for lunch.

Frank Greco was charged by Constable Voelker for secretly carrying a loaded revolver on his person and was fined \$40 and costs.

Dominica Santi was charged by Constable Voelker for carrying offensive weapons (razors) on his person when arrested on Sunday last. He was fined \$10 and costs.

Serafino Liberatore was charged by Frank Greco with having committed a common assault upon the latter, and was fined \$15 and costs.

Frank Greco was charged by Dominica Santi with having committed a common assault. He was fined \$10 and costs.

All the fines were paid and the exchequer was made richer by \$75.

All the above court cases were the result of a little rumpus which took place in the vicinity of Frank Greco's brick building on Sunday afternoon, about 2 o'clock when Frank Greco, Serafino Liberatore and Dominica Santi, all Italians, were the principal participants. Although Philippa Mascaro assisted the other three to consume four gallons of beer—a gallon each—he did not take part in the fray but merely appeared in court to give evidence in connection with the case.

After their trials were over the three who occupied seats in the sinners' row were given some good advice and warned to never let such a commotion occur in Blairmore again. With bowed heads and sad hearts the Sabbath breakers vindicated their repentance and promised to do better the next time. They will probably be more liberal with their beer and not confine so much to so small a gathering.

The parliament just closed by dissolution was the shortest in point of time in Canada's history, except one. It lasted about two years and a half. The last general election occurred on October 26, 1908. The only shorter parliament was that preceding the defeat of Sir John A. Macdonald by the Liberal forces under Hon. Alex. MacKenzie in 1874, which lasted only a year and a half.

Elections Sept. 21st
Sir Wilfrid is Happy

As intimated in our last week's issue, the Dominion elections will be held on Thursday, September 21st, and nominations will take place on the 14th of the same month. This was definitely arrived at after a long session of the Cabinet council which met on Saturday morning last. A press despatch from Ottawa says that the news caused great excitement among the members, but they are all glad that the tension is over. The members will pack up and get away to their constituencies immediately. Sir Wilfrid Laurier is in a happy frame of mind and evidently expects a decisive victory.

Witers Will Take a
Referendum Vote

The following resolution was adopted by the executive board of District 18 of United Mine Workers of America, at a meeting held at Fernie on Friday night last:

"In view of the position taken by the operators in connection with the report of Dr. Gordon, and also in view of the fact that the meeting of the Board of Trade delegates at MacLeod appealed to the Dominion Government to take action to the end that the mines be opened on the basis of that report, we deem it advisable to submit the proposition for referendum vote as to whether or not the executive shall accept the report of Dr. Gordon as a basis to enter into negotiations."

The vote will be taken on Friday of this week.

Anniversary Services,
Supper and Concert.

The Central Baptist church will hold its second anniversary services on Sunday next. Special sermons will be preached and solos, etc., appropriate for such an occasion, will be given.

Rev. W. T. Young, of Knox Methodist church, Frank, will preach at the morning service, and Rev. J. F. Hunter, pastor of the church, will preach in the evening.

In the afternoon, commencing at 3 o'clock, a program consisting of solos, recitations and addresses and instrumental music will be given by local artists. Everybody is invited to attend. On Monday evening a grand supper and concert will be given in the Blairmore opera house. A long and well prepared program, consisting of solos, duets, quartettes, recitations, violin solos, mandolin and guitar duets, trio, etc., will be rendered.

The proceeds will go towards reducing the present debt on the church.

The small sum of 75c. will admit a person to both the supper and concert.

Everything has been done to make the affair highly entertaining and very satisfactory to all who will attend.

Hon. Clifford Sifton says that he will not be a candidate at the forthcoming elections.

William Rockefeller, president of the Standard Oil Company, passed through Winnipeg on Monday and was in Calgary on Wednesday on his way to the Canadian Rockies in search of health.

BLAIRMORE ENTERTAINS

Important Events From Aug. 8th
to 13th-Distinguished Talent

Will Be Present.

A SUMMER SUNDAY SCHOOL

Will be Held Under the Shadow
of Mighty Mountains and by
the Side of Silvery Rivers

Perhaps one of the most important events of the year will take place at Blairmore from August 8th to 13th inclusive. We shall have the opportunity of hearing some of the most distinguished talent of this and other countries. The following are a few of the most noted who will visit us next week: Prof. L. L. Henry, musical director and leader, who hails from Chicago. He will conduct all the musical exercises and will arrange a special concert towards the end of the week, the date to be announced at a later meeting.

Harold Woodsworth, B.A., of Japan, will lecture on missions, home and foreign, also on other interesting topics, while E. S. Bishop will lecture on "Some Developments in Our Own Province."

Rev. C. H. Johnson, M.A.B.D., will lecture on "The Decisive Hour of Christian Missions."

A. B. Steer, B.A., will give some very important lectures on that most important of subjects, "Family History."

Miss Helen Park, of Winnipeg Normal School, whose fame as a teacher of the young is so well known throughout the Dominion, will give some lectures on "Methods," and "Child Culture."

Last and by no means least, Prof. Dyde, L.L.D., late of Queen's University, Kingston, Ont., and now principal of Alberta College, will lecture every morning.

This is the first opportunity that Blairmore has had to hear such a strong combination of lecturers and musicians. They come to us under the auspices of the Alberta S. S. Association and will conduct their lectures in large tents, which will be pitched on the north side of the river on the West Canadian Collieries land, not ten minutes walk from town.

Meads and beds will be provided for those who desire them at the nominal cost of 50c. and \$1.00 a day.

Lectures morning and evening, every afternoon will be given up to recreation. Come and have a pleasant and profitable time out in the mountains.

Be one of the crowd who will attend from Lethbridge, MacLeod, Pincher, and all adjoining towns of Southern Alberta.

Our motto: "A maximum of pleasure and profit at a minimum cost." For further information apply to H. G. Bigelow, secretary of the Crow's Nest S. S. District. Special rates may be secured over the C.P.R. by purchasing one way standard certificate.

Alberta Trading Co.

TELEPHONE 147
High Class Family Grocers

We have a full stock of
Royal Household Flour
in 25, 50 and 100 pound sacks

Ogilvie's R. Oats
Corn Meal
Cr. of Wheat

Rye and Buck Wheat Flour

These goods are fresh and we guarantee satisfaction.

Quaker Brand Canned Goods in sanitary tins, all No. 1 pack. Tins
free.

Fresh Fruits always in stock.

Watch our windows.

ALBERTA TRADING CO.
The Store That Pleases

Gales & Hamel
Blairmore. - Alta.

W. A. Beebe

Real Estate
and Insurance

Broker in Mines
and
Mining Stocks

Houses for sale or rent
and rents collected.

Issuer of Marriage Licenses
and Notary Public

VICTORIA STREET

Blairmore, Alta.

Here and There

Frank Johnson, proprietor of the Winnipeg Colored Club, was shot and instantly killed at his club, 39 Maple Street, Winnipeg, about 9 o'clock on Saturday morning last by Henry W. Redd. Redd is now under arrest.

J. S. McGowen, premier of New South Wales, said while in New York the other day, that woman suffrage was a good thing. He stated that the equal suffrage which has been operated in his Australian state during the past ten years had been most successful.

Sealed to Give Him a New Stomach.
"I suffered intensely after eating and no medicine or treatment I tried seemed to do any good," writes H. M. Youngs, editor of the Sun Lake View, Ohio. "The first few doses of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets gave me surprising relief and the second bottle seemed to give me a new stomach and perfectly good health." For sale by all dealers.

Before a gathering of 10,000 enthusiastic spectators, Vancouver beat the New Westminster lacrosse team in the former city, on Saturday afternoon last, by a score of 11 to 6. This makes the seventh league game for the season leaving three more games to play. It is more than probable that the Royals will win the game to be played in their city on Saturday next. Those who know the Royals best believe that they will win the three remaining games and thus retain the Minto cup.

An ordinary case of diarrhoea can, as a rule, be cured by a dose of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. This remedy has no superior for bowel complaints. For sale by all dealers.

WHICH ROAD?

A Case Where the Wrong One
Brought Great Happiness

By CLARISSA MACKIE
Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

It was a hard, level road with many a sinuous curve that kept the siren tooting hoarsely as the dusk obliterated the still sentinel trees on either hand and gave Justin DeLois little opportunity to test the speed of his new machine.

"Well, what's up?" he demanded sharply.

"It's me," said the small voice, with a hint of a sob in it. "I'm up in this tree—right over your way."

"My gracious, what are you doing up there?" Justin stared upward where the limb of a wild cherry tree bent over him. The boy had climbed with the pungent smell of wild cherry blossoms and the bruised bark of the tree. There was the glimmer of a small white face and a white blouse balanced perilously on the limb.

"Now, you just slip off that limb and drop down here. I'll catch you, don't you?" said Justin.

Justin tucked the boy in a corner of the seat and prepared to resume his ride, but the boy placed a cold little hand on his and raised his voice to protest.

"Please don't, master! I'm afraid to get up that road," he howled lustily.

"What are you afraid of? How do you expect to go home if you don't take that road?"

"I'm lost," wailed the strayed one.

"Where do you live?" demanded Justin.

"Cross High-way."

"Well, you're all right then—this is the Cross Highway," reassured Justin.



She looked at him with astonishment, as he threw in the clutch and pulled the starting lever, but the boy grasped him with trembling fingers.

"No, don't, sir! It's so dark, it's so dark. I never saw a house, and I've been trying to find it ever since."

A handsome lampost supported a large electric globe which gave down sufficient light to convince Justin that he was indeed on the wrong road.

"Well, I'll be flogged!" he exclaimed at last.

"I told you it was the wrong road," piped the little voice rather triumphantly.

"So did I. Well, it's the first time I know this old road went beyond Cross Highway. You must stop right here, too. Do you know where this drive leads to, son?"

"To perdition," said the little fellow grimly.

"Perdition?" repeated Justin, scandalized.

"Who told you that?"

"Mother did. I asked her. I waited in the carriage once when she went inside, and she said it was perdition. He asked cook what perdition was, and she said it was—you know the hot potato."

"What's your name?"

"Frederick Templeton Leeson. That's his name, too."

"Ah! Then you're Leeson's little chap, eh? Well, you are a good boy, and I'd better get you up to this drive and telephone to your folks that you're all right. What do you say?" Justin turned the car into the drive and sped swiftly up its length.

"I don't want to go to that place!"

"Well, Mamie, I mean," said Leeson.

"Cook says they're on toasting forks if you're naughty."

"Never you mind, son. You're a good boy. They won't fry you nor break you. Very likely all the ladies will kiss you now, and it's a awful sight."

"I like ladies, and I won't be kissed, and I won't be fried!" protested Frederick, kicking the sinews of his rescuer with sudden fierce ingratitudo. "You stop this car, master!"

"As your command, sir," said Justin.

He brought the machine handbrake under the lighted porters' car and jammed down the lever. His voice uttered a brief commanding order, the door opened instantly, and a man emerged rapidly.

"I crossed the road, my man," said Justin, "and I would like to be set right if you can direct me to the Cross Highway."

"A mile back, sir. You probably passed the turn without noticing. From here on is private property. If you turn around and back track over your own tracks you'll find your way all right."

"Thanks," said Justin, tossing the man a coin. "I wonder if your people allow me to use the road for a moment. I've picked up a little lost boy and—"

"Certainly, sir. If it's Mr. Leeson's little boy it's all right. They've been telling me he's a right. They've been telling me he's a right."

He held open the door and admitted Justin and his sleepy charge into a wide entrance hall softly carpeted and delicately lighted with carefully disposed electric bulbs. A wood fire whistled in the wide fireplace, and several comfortable chairs were gathered around the fire. A small table was set near the fireplace, and a white-haired woman was dispensing tea. There were several other women, some within the tall shadow of the settle.

The white-haired woman dropped a teacup with a sharp clatter and arose to her feet. Her eyes, which had dazed her, as her face was startled out of its customary sweet repose and that she looked at him with astonishment and dispairance than with welcome.

"I ask your pardon, madam—Miss Stone. I came upon your place by mistake, and I asked your son if I might telephone to this little boy's parents that he was found and that I would return him at once," he stammered after a little awkward silence.

"I'm sorry, sir. How delighted poor Evelyn will be. Here is the telephone box, Mr. Leeson."

When Justin emerged after reassuring the delighted parents that he would return the way he had come to the house, he found Miss Stone awaiting him at the end of the corridor. She held out her hand, smiling rather sadly as she did so.

"I must ask your pardon, Mr. Leeson, for not giving you a better welcome, I was so taken up with the idea of getting my son back for the moment."

"You hardly expected to see me," said Leeson with a rueful smile. "I'm afraid if I'd known you were here I'd never have ventured to knock at your door, noisome as it always was in the Cross Highway. Please, I beg your remembrance!" he begged hastily.

"Certainly, Justin. Will you come and drink a cup of tea with us?" She passed at his protesting hand.

"Thank you, dear Mrs. Stone, but I couldn't—not until you change your mind about me, you know," he said firmly.

"Change my mind! Ah, Justin, we did that almost immediately after you left in anger. If you had only read and understood our letter, you would have known that Mr. Stone was quite satisfied that the fault of the accident rested entirely on a defect in our machine and not in your driving. But you never answered our letters, and you declined to see my husband—"

"I'm sorry, sir," said Leeson. "Miss Stone and as soon as I learned that Dita—Miss Stone was out of danger I went abroad and have been home only a few weeks. You see, I bought a place in a new part of the country and wouldn't meet any of the old crowd. But it's a small world."

"It is indeed, and you haven't asked after my daughter, Justin. It isn't three years since you last saw her, but I've seen the smile on his face with anxious, watchful eyes."

"I haven't dared ask for her. I've felt that I was to blame forreckless driving, and I shall never forget her white face as she lay unconscious on the stone floor. I tried to account for the accident, but I was so shocked, I'm afraid, that I'm still in some doubt as to the cause of the accident."

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A SULTAN'S SEVEN BEDS.

Abdul Hamid Charged His Sleeping
Place Every Night.

An interesting reminiscence of Abdul Hamid, the former sultan of Turkey, who was known as Abdul the Accursed and by several other names, is contained in this month's issue of *Life* magazine.

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"A mile back, sir. You probably passed the turn without noticing. From here on is private property. If you turn around and back track over your own tracks you'll find your way all right."

"Thanks," said Justin, tossing the man a coin. "I wonder if your people allow me to use the road for a moment. I've picked up a little lost boy and—"

"Certainly, sir. If it's Mr. Leeson's little boy it's all right. They've been telling me he's a right. They've been telling me he's a right."

"The house was a perfect maze of small rooms," he writes. "In no fewer than seven of these rooms did the sultan used to sleep—ordinary beds, but large couches, sloping at a considerable angle from the head end downward, so that, covered with a quilt or two, his majesty could sleep in a semi-upright condition and spring up at a moment's notice."

"No one knew in which of the seven rooms the sultan was going to sleep, for he changed his resting place every night for fear of hidden dangers. Along the many passages which led from many of the rooms a musical arrangement existed for giving warning of the approach of any one. The floor was composed of loose planks under the carpet, so that merely to walk along it started a clanking sound which must invariably have waked a light and nervous sleeper."

DOYSTER ISLANDS.

That's Growth Is Exactly Analogous to
That of Coral Reefs.

Oyster Islands similar to those formed of coral are found in several parts of the world. The Islands in Newport Harbor, Rhode Island, and the New York City, says a writer in the *Century* Magazine, have been discovered to be made up of oysters.

"The white-haired woman dropped a teacup with a sharp clatter and arose to her feet. Her eyes, which had dazed her, as her face was startled out of its customary sweet repose and that she looked at him with astonishment and dispairance than with welcome."

"I ask your pardon, madam—Miss Stone. I came upon your place by mistake, and I asked your son if I might telephone to this little boy's parents that he was found and that I would return him at once," he stammered after a little awkward silence.

"I'm sorry, sir. How delighted poor Evelyn will be. Here is the telephone box, Mr. Leeson."

When Justin emerged after reassuring the delighted parents that he would return the way he had come to the house, he found Miss Stone awaiting him at the end of the corridor. She held out her hand, smiling rather sadly as she did so.

"I must ask your pardon, Mr. Leeson. For not giving you a better welcome, I was so taken up with the idea of getting my son back for the moment."

"You hardly expected to see me," said Leeson with a rueful smile. "I'm afraid if I'd known you were here I'd never have ventured to knock at your door, noisome as it always was in the Cross Highway. Please, I beg your remembrance!" he begged hastily.

"Certainly, Justin. Will you come and drink a cup of tea with us?" She passed at his protesting hand.

"Thank you, dear Mrs. Stone, but I couldn't—not until you change your mind about me, you know," he said firmly.

"Change my mind! Ah, Justin, we did that almost immediately after you left in anger. If you had only read and understood our letter, you would have known that Mr. Stone was quite satisfied that the fault of the accident rested entirely on a defect in our machine and not in your driving. But you never answered our letters, and you declined to see my husband—"

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"Certainly, Justin. Will you come and drink a cup of tea with us?" She passed at his protesting hand.

"Thank you, dear Mrs. Stone, but I couldn't—not until you change your mind about me, you know," he said firmly.

"Change my mind! Ah, Justin, we did that almost immediately after you left in anger. If you had only read and understood our letter, you would have known that Mr. Stone was quite satisfied that the fault of the accident rested entirely on a defect in our machine and not in your driving. But you never answered our letters, and you declined to see my husband—"

"I'm sorry, sir," said Leeson. "Miss Stone, and as soon as I learned that Dita—Miss Stone was out of danger I went abroad and have been home only a few weeks. You see, I bought a place in a new part of the country and wouldn't meet any of the old crowd. But it's a small world."

"It is indeed, and you haven't asked after my daughter, Justin. It isn't three years since you last saw her, but I've seen the smile on his face with anxious, watchful eyes."

"I ask your pardon, madam—Miss Stone. I came upon your place by mistake, and I asked your son if I might telephone to this little boy's parents that he was found and that I would return him at once," he stammered after a little awkward silence.

"I'm sorry, sir. How delighted poor Evelyn will be. Here is the telephone box, Mr. Leeson."

For the Children

Dorothy Schwartz at the
Wheel of Her Runabout.

The ranks of experienced chauffeurs have recently been increased by the addition of Miss Dorothy Schwartz of Edgewater, Ill., who was presented with a twenty horsepower runabout on her fifth birthday and is a familiar figure in the streets of the city. Her father, Mr. Frank Schwartz, is a prominent citizen of Edgewater.

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Noble Grand Secretary

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latest Parisienne styles will
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BARTLETT & BARRETT

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Published every Thursday from their
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Subscription to all parts of the British Empire \$2.00 per annum.
Foreign subscription \$2.50
payable in advance.

Business local 16 cents per line.

Legal notices: 15 cents per line
for first insertion, 10 cents per
line for each subsequent
insertion.

Display Advertising Rates on Application.

J. D. S. BARRETT, Editor

W. J. BARTLETT, Manager

Blairmore, Alta. Thurs. Aug. 3rd, 1911

Editorial Notes

"Every dog will have his day,"
is just as true at the present
time as it ever was.

The general feeling amongst
the striking miners indicates an
early settlement of the strike.

Many hope that when a referendum
vote is taken by the miners of this district on Friday of this week, that they will roll up a big majority in favor of
returning to work, and thereby
repudiate the vapors of such
useless beings as Bob Evans.
By doing that they will serve
their best interests.

Our old offee cat is wearing
mourning these days because it
has heard the report that our
esteemed friend, Harry Howard,
is likely to wipe the dust of Blairmore off his feet and hike to
Ladysmith, B.C., sometime soon, where he will take up his abode. We hope that our dear
friend will like the Pacific coast
so well that he will never have
any inclinations to return to
the scene of his past activities.

A person's tongue will often
cut deeper and do more injury than
a good razor." — Frank
Greco, at police court on Monday.
Yes, Frank, it's the little
things that hurt. A common,
every-day, meusly little fly will
make an orthodox Christian
swear forty strokes to the minute,
while if the same man had
his head taken off by a August
tornado, he wouldn't say a word
about it.

Every person who takes a
paper that admits advertising
to its columns, receives the
equivalent of a cash contribution,
for were it not for the advertising
to help pay for the paper, the
subscription price would necessarily
be two or three times as
much. A paper whose subscription
price is \$2.00 would be at
least \$5.00 if it had no advertising
patronage, hence every subscriber
virtually gets three dollars
from the advertisers. It follows
then, that subscribers
should have a kindly feeling for
the advertisers in their paper
and give them the preference
in the bestowal of their patronage
for the reason that one good
turn deserves another.

It is a very big mistake for
people to suppose that the pre-
tentious Bob Evans, who resides at
Blairmore, is related to the
Bob Evans who used to be admiral
of the United States navy. The
United States admiral was noted
for his saneness, his command
over a large number of men,
his well fought battles and
glorious victories and various
other good qualities, while the
Bob Evans who resides in Blair-
more is noted for his foolish
acts and for being a miserable
failure so far as getting the
miners to support his insane
ideas. "Honor to whom honor

Happenings in and
Around Blairmore

Best Ice Cream in town at Murray's.

Remember the date, August 8 to 13.

J. R. Smith returned from Weyburn.

W. A. Beebe left on Sunday for Weyburn, Sask., on a business trip.

Sundays on Sundays and Mondays and every other day at Murray's.

Don't forget the Blairmore Summer School. Register now and follow the crowd.

W. M. Wetmore left on Sunday morning for Moosejaw and returned to town on Tuesday.

Meals served at all hours. All white help. Everything of high-class order at Murray's.

Rev. W. T. Young, of Frank, will preach in the Central Baptist church on Sunday morning next.

Walter Smith and Herbert Har-
greaves left on Sunday morning to
spend several days at Brandon.

Miss A. Nahrung, of Calgary,
came up from Monarch on Friday
and returned home on Tuesday.

J. B. Brown, of Moosejaw, representing the Saskatchewan Flour Mills Co., of Moosejaw, is in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Drap, left
on Monday evening to spend several
days at Macleod and Lethbridge.

T. Frayer, and his daughter, Miss
M. Frayer, returned to town on
Saturday after spending several
days at Calgary and Edmonton.

Mrs. J. B. Brunneau has gone to
the Pacific coast. Dan, Huston,
her partner, left on Tuesday for
Ottawa, and Jim Brunneau is working
in the woods for W. Beard. H. Wetmore is now occupying the
stables. Mrs. Brunneau may be found
in Nevada for a few months.

Work on the large addition to
the Blairmore hotel is progressing
rapidly. The proprietor, D. C.
Drain, is having a brick, fireproof
wall built on the west side of his
hotel so as to lessen the danger of
that splendid and popular hostelry
from being subject to some holocaust.

The Liberals of Blairmore, will
hold a meeting in Budd's hall on
Tuesday evening next for the purpose
of electing delegates to attend a
convention which will be held at
Macleod on Friday of next week
for the purpose of choosing a candidate
for the forthcoming Dominion
elections.

D. A. Sinclair is making several
big improvements to his dwelling
and when they are all completed
he will one of the nicest, neatest
and most attractive dwellings in
The Pass. Mr. Sinclair is now adding
a 20x30 wing to the west side of
the house, is increasing the size of
the basement and making it the
full size of the house and thus giving
him a basement which is built
in such a way that water will never
be able to reach it. When the
building is completed, Mr. Sinclair
will have a cement walk laid, a
stone wall built around the front
and side of his property and a
beautiful lawn prepared.

A brown bear recently invaded
a ranch near Frank and devoured
five turkeys without cranberry
sauce — Greenwood Lodge.

A friend is a person whom you trust
and who trusts you. You do not need
to explain things to him. A friend
is one who believes in you when
appearances are against you. — Rev
M. J. Savage.

is due," and we might here state
that Bombastic Bluffie Bubble
Bob Evans of Blairmore, deserves
credit for being partly
successful in one thing and that
is in imitating the Emperor of
Germany in raising an ornament
to adorn his upper lip. Beautiful
weather for fishing, Bob.

Half Speed Ahead
For Inland Steamers

(From our own Correspondent.)

Montreal, Aug. 3. — Despite the fact
that the Dominion Government has
been spending millions in money and
years in time bettering the navigable
channel of the St. Lawrence from
the Great Lakes to the sea it has
been many months since the inland
shipping fleets have had such
rough sledding as they have had this
season. Sledding instead of sailing
it has been on many an eventful
occasion. The water is so low that
vessels have to scrape along in spots and
experienced pilots assert that it is
nothing short of dangerous to attempt
to run a boat through the
Cedars, the Split Rock or the Long
Sault. Freight boats are making their
run anywhere from eight to twenty
four hours late on account of the
caution necessary, and the time lost
entering and leaving the canals.

Cuts and bruises may be healed in
about one-third the time required
for the usual treatment by applying
Champlain's Liniment. It is an
antiseptic and causes such injuries
to heal without maturation. This
liniment also relieves soreness of the
muscles and rheumatic pains. For
sale by all dealers.

THE SYMPATHETIC
STRIKE.

Among the wisest leaders of the
organized labor there is a consensus
of opinion hostile to the sympathetic
strike. John Mitchell especially
has spoken and written frankly
and energetically against it showing
it to be unjust and inexpedient. Es-
pecially is the sympathetic strike un-
just and inexpedient when the men
who are working under trades agreements
and who have no grievances
against their own employers are called
out on strike in some other
trade to obtain what they are after.

The injustice of this ought to be
plain to everybody. It makes the just
and generous employer suffer equal-
ly with those who may have been
guilty of wrong doing. Further, it
means violation of contracts and con-
tracts cannot be violated without
loss of credit to the party guilty of
doing that dishonorable act. An
employer who violates an agreement
is rightly put in the unfair list. A
financial institution convicted of
violating a contract is likely to lose
enormously through the weakening
of public confidence in the integrity
of its management. And it is reasonable
to expect that organized labor
can be immune from the natural
consequences of so dishonorable and
unjust an action as the violation of
its agreements? Further, the unjust
sympathetic strike is almost certain
to defeat its own purpose by con-
verting into enemies of organized labor
employers who had hitherto been
friendly. Employers who have been
made innocent victims in a quarrel
in which they were not concerned
would be more than human if they
did not cherish resentment against
their employers who had treated them
unjustly. It would be natural for them
to put their resentment into action and
endeavor to safeguard themselves
against future injustice of the same
sort.

We have an illustration of this
in the Vancouver strike. The union
plumbers in that city were working
under an agreement, but went out on
strike to assist the carpenters. The
result is the master plumbers are so
incensed that they have joined in
declaring for the open shop in future.

Their feeling is expressed by a master
plumber in a published interview.
"Although we have been paying
our union plumbers good wages," he said,
"and granting their closed shop demands,
they have gone out on a sympathetic
strike and left us in the lurch in a busy season.

Many of us will now run an open shop
to protect ourselves from anything of the
same kind occurring in the future.

We do not propose to discriminate
against the union men, but when they
get ready to come back to work they
will have to work in open shop.

There has been no quarrel whatever
between the men and their employ-
ers and we do not see why they should
give up treatment of this sort simply
to help other unions who can not win
their own battles.

Can it be denied that the resent-
ment thus energetically expressed is
natural and justified? The labor lead-
ers who advocate or even sanction
the general sympathetic strike are
dangerous guides and are indeed
among the real enemies of organ-
labor. — The Hamilton Herald.

The "2" Big Stores

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But know that our paints are
above the general run, and will out-
last the others.

If you want paints that are really
good, our store is the place to get
them. We have them in all the
colors in general use, and when once
you use our paints you will feel satisfied
that they are the best.

A NECESSARY

element to make your house, fence
or barn look neat and attractive is to
give it a coat or two of paint occasion-
ally. Buy some now. You need it sooner or later. We charge
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Watch our "ad" and window each week. It will pay you.

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Blairmore Alberta

Over Production of Coal and Over Supply of Men

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—

Kindly allow me space in your valuable paper to say a few words on the coal strike situation, and especially on the minority report wherein it is stated that the present strike is somewhat due to the over-production of coal and the over-supply of men.

"One other very important matter in connection with the mining industry in this district which is very noticeable and which has a very detrimental effect on both men and operators is the over-production. There are too many men available to meet the present demand for coal, consequently it is impossible to insure the miners steady employment. I am of the opinion, though this may not be within the scope of my duty as a member of the board, that the Government should take some measure to check the indiscriminate immigration into this coal field."

The foregoing paragraph is taken from the minority report of the conciliation board appointed to settle the dispute between the Western Coal Operators' Association and District 18, U.M.W.A. of A., and is signed by Mr. J. M. Carter, the representative of the union. In regard to coal, Mr. Carter says there is an over-production, and at the same time advocates an increase in price. This is an absolute opposition to the law of supply and demand. An over-production means too small a demand as well, and we cannot see how the demand for Crows Nest coal is going to be increased by increasing the cost, and consequently the selling price. This should surely cause a decrease in the demand, as competing fields surely would have that additional advantage. It would also surely invite an increase in production, which is always an inevitable result of a raise in price. As to the over-supply of coal miners, the same reasoning applies to them as to the coal.

Mr. Carter says "There are too many men available to meet the present demands for coal." That means that there are too many coal miners in proportion to other classes of labor. That is prima facie evidence that coal mining, by reason of the comparatively higher wage received in proportion to skill required, is most attractive to the working man, and too large a proportion seek that field of employment. In other words, it is evident that either the coal miner receives too large a wage, or other classes of labor receive very much too small a wage, so Mr. Carter wishes to reduce the supply of coal miners in proportion to the demand the only logical way is to increase the attraction for laborers in other lines by obtaining an increase in wage for those lines, or to decrease the attraction of coal mining by decreasing the wage therefor.

One thing is certain and easily understood by any person of reason, that the over-supply of coal miners will not be reduced by raising their wages, as that only invites more competition, and a further increase and over supply thereby reducing the amount of work per man and probably by a much larger percentage than the average raise in wages, so that their yearly earnings would be less per man.

Mr. Carter suggests "that the Government take some measures to check the indiscriminate immigration into this coal field." This is a very narrow-minded and selfish absurdity, and absolutely impractical, for the Government is encouraging immigration into the rich agricultural sections surrounding this coal field, and it would be absurd, even if it had the power so to do, for the Government to say to an immigrant, "You are welcome to our country, but you must promise not to accept employment as a coal miner, for we wish to allow Mr. Carter and his associates a monopoly of this work because it costs a coal miner much more to live than

any other workman, and they must be protected." In other words, Mr. Carter wishes to have established a "coal miners' trust," or monopoly protected in its monopoly by the Government as a specially favored class, at the expense of all other classes of workmen combined.

We must decline to be a party to any combination for the restraint of trade, or for raising prices of any commodity, when such raise is not justified by the law of supply and demand, consequently we must insist on purchasing our labor, as we do our supplies, which are the production of labor, and as we sell our coal, on the open market.

Thanking you, Mr. Editor, in advance for the anticipated use of your esteemed paper, I remain,

Yours truly,
PRO BONO PUBLICO.

Be a man as rich as Croesus he has only to go on backing horses long enough, and in large sums of money to lose his fortune, and most probably to finally land himself in bankrupt court and disgrace.—Duck of Portland.

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LOST.

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NOTICE All letters from Canada must be addressed to our Canadian Correspondence Department in Windsor, Ont. If you desire to see us personally call at our Medical Institute in Detroit as we see and treat all patients. Call on Dr. Kennedy for our correspondence and laboratory for Canadian business only. Address all letters as follows: DR. KENNEDY & KENNEDY, Windsor, Ont.

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The Settler's Daughter

She Chose Her Own Way of Showing Gratitude

By SARAH BRYCE VAUGHAN
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St. Paul, Minn.

While the Emery family were sitting at dinner Phoebe, a girl of twelve, ran through the open door a man on horseback galloping straight for the house.

He rode right up to the husband and cried out to the husband and father:

"Mr. Emery, the body of my son Armstrong has been found. He was found with a bullet hole in his head. An excited crowd of his friends is coming to lynch you. Come, hurry up; I must put you in the jail before they get here."

"Sheriff, I haven't seen Armstrong since the day he threatened to kill me."

"That doesn't matter. Suspicion points to you, and they won't give you a chance to defend yourself."



"GET OUT A HORSE AS QUICK AS YOU CAN."

Come; get out a horse as quick as you can and go with me to the jail. If I get you in there they'll have to pass over my dead body to get you out."

It may be that there were stirring words that fixed the thoughts of short John Williams on Phoebe Emery's mind.

"Go with him," cried Mrs. Emery, terror stricken.

"Go with him, papa!" cried Phoebe.

"I reckon you're right, sheriff," said Emery. And making a dash for the door he dashed out, horse and all, embracing his wife and children, who had had him mounted, and the two men galloped away. Before their horses' hoofs beat had died in the distance others were heard coming from an opposite direction, and in a few minutes an excited mob surrounded it.

"What's Emery?" cried the leader to the wife, whose children clung to her in terror.

"He's not here. What do you want with him?"

"No! No! We'll find out whether he's here or not." And half a dozen of the party, throwing themselves off their horses, entered the house and ran inside.

"What's Emery?" cried the leader. "Then there'll be two of them. Come on, boys! To the jail!"

What a night of it the Emery family had that night! Neither Mr. Emery nor Phoebe closed their eyes. The mother moaned and cried out from time to time: "They've taken him from the jail! He's swinging! I know he is! Oh, heaven, I shall go mad!"

"He will, eh!" exclaimed the leader. "Then there'll be two of them. Come on, boys! To the jail!"

Jack was dragged unwillingly and the chair in which Phoebe was seated. She was in a panic, and when she arose from her chair put one hand on his shoulder and said away amid a burst of applause.

The interest excited was short lived except for one person. That person was Jack Williams. After dancing a few steps the couple seated themselves.

"Will you kindly explain this unusual attention with which you have honored me?"

"No! I will have honored you with another. I wish you to be my escort to my home."

"And dancing?"

"You will understand it all."

"Come," replied the leader. "Every man must be tried."

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The interest excited was short lived except for one person. That person was Jack Williams. After dancing a few steps the couple seated themselves.

"What is Ontario about not to include some emblem of its great wealth in mines as proved at Cobalt, Porcupine, Sudbury, and elsewhere?"

Lawyer of Many Parts.

The Hon. John George Findlay, K.C., LL.D., recently in Canada, is Attorney-General of Ontario, and a member of the Legislative Council. He is the son of a New Zealand merchant, and is a native of the colony. He studied at the University of Otago, New Zealand, and at the University of Edinburgh, Scotland, and is a member of the Bar of Ontario.

He is a man of great energy and a good speaker. He has written a book on "Humboldt and Homilies." Seven years ago he was a lecturer on political science at Otago, New Zealand.

It was about 9 o'clock in the morning that Cyril Crossley, a boy of twelve, slipped up his coming and went out to meet him that she might begin to break any bad news she might have ready to her mother. Mrs. Emery followed her, willya crying.

"It's all over! Have they killed him?"

"Tell me quick."

"I have come to let you know, Mrs. Emery, that the sheriff condescended not to stop at the jail, but kept right on. The mob, not finding them there, sat

down, some of them going to eat dinner and a few taking the road to Marion. But I don't think they'll catch 'em."

"Thank heaven!" cried the woman, clasping her hands fervently.

"Thank you for coming to tell us, Mr. Uncle," said Phoebe as the man rode away.

The next appearance of Phoebe Emery in this story is six years later. She is eighteen years old, and nature has endowed her with a fair and singularly attractive figure. Her mother and her sisters are often mentioned so much by environment as by heredity. Phoebe's experience as a child and her own inherent strength have developed her into a very different person. She is a woman of high intelligence. The most distinguished in her father and brother with liquor, but returned and forced his wife and children out of their home by burning it. But he had been saved to them, and as soon as he had recovered his composure he had done the same. Then the real murderer of Armstrong turned up, and a committee of citizens had gone to Emery and invited him to return to them. But he declined.

Emery's wife, who was a woman of the middle class, a western woman, which involved them with their children with a few years and become cities. There his children were educated and became accustomed to city ways and manners. Phoebe became an accomplished woman. She was the nine-year-old girl who was the acknowledged belle of her social circle.

One evening at a ball Miss Emery was standing in the center of a group of young men who were trying with considerable energy to interest the dancing. Happening to glance toward the entrance, she saw a man enter and stand looking as if attracted by curiosity, but too retiring to join the gay throng. She saw in the man who shrank from showing his way through the crowded room a man who she had assembled for the dance. Sheriff Jack Winslow. Before her flashed a picture of his stalwart figure riding over the plain to warn her father of his danger at the risk of his own life. He had been shot in the back, but had bounded from his horse to the ground to defend his woman.

If at the time he had come to her former home he had not been preoccupied with his warning, she was then too young for him to have noticed her, and now, changed as she was, he would have been even more attracted in her, the little girl of half a dozen years ago. Phoebe knew him the moment her eyes rested upon him.

The German cotillion was introduced that evening by the sheriff, who, though a stranger, was received with a smile and a bow.

After the ball Miss Emery and Phoebe were dancing with a young man who had been brought up behind her. She looked at their reflections in the mirror, and when the one she wished to dance with appeared she chose him for her partner.

When the ball was over and after she was led up behind her, but she seemed disposed to be very particular as to the man who would dance with her.

The young men most prominent in a social position were all up and, and all were rejected. Then she, the desirable newcomers and generally unknown men were tried, to meet a like fate. At last every man who was dancing the cotillion had been led up to her, and she remembered Harrison, who defeated a few men at Tippecanoe's Farm—her pardon, Chateaugay.

Phoebe, the sheriff one after another was led up behind her, but she seemed disposed to be very particular as to the man who would dance with her.

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